FAMOUS WARHORSES ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF THE CIVIL WAR

Recent Investigations Show That More Than a Million Horses Fought in the War Between the States--Floral Tributes to Be Placed on Graves of Many of These Old Battle-Chargers During the Semi-Centennial Celebrations That Are Now Being Held Throughout the Country--Anecdotes of the Horses That Great Generals Rode.

BY FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER.

This is the semi-centennial of the Civil War and celebrations are being held throughout the country. Several eminent historians are making researches which are developing many interesting phases of this war which is now being known as the greatest fratricidal strife in the annals of mankind.

Recent investigations reveal the remarkable fact that modern wars are fought by animals as well as men—that victory or defeat depends almost as much upon horses as it does soldiers. For every two men killed the life of a horse must be literally "thrown in" to give "full measure" to the demon of war.

According to the official records in the War Department at Washington 825,766 horses fought in the American Civil War under the Union flag. Vouchers show that these horses cost $125,864,915, or an average price of $140. The Confederate records cannot be found, but it is estimated that there were proportionately as many horses under the Stars and Bars, thus leaving a million and a half horses in the fighting armies.

These old warhorses have never been given their true recognition in history. There were many noble animals among them, with an intelligence and understanding of warfare that seemed at times almost human.

Ten Thousand Dollars for This Warhorse.

General Grant rejected an offer of $10,000 for his warhorse "Cincinnati," claiming that it was one of the greatest soldiers he ever knew. Upon the back of this gallant stallion, he rode over the last battlefield of the Civil War—Appomattox—to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The manner in which Grant came into possession of his famous steed is an interesting story that has never been told before. The younger son of the general (now Major-General Frederick Grant) was sick in St. Louis, and his father came to visit him. A carrier brought a letter to General Grant as he sat with his son. As he opened it he found it to be in strange handwriting asking him to call at the deathbed of the writer, who had "the finest horse in the world" to give the general.

It was signed "S. S. Grant." The similarity in the names attracted Grant, and he decided to follow it up. He did not find a relative in the dying man, but he did find the finest horse he had ever seen—a magnificent animal standing seventeen hands high, the son of the famous racing thoroughbred "Lexington," the fastest four-mile horse in the United States at that time.

From that time, "Cincinnati" was Grant's prized companion. He guarded the animal with jealous eyes, and no one was permitted to ride him except the general. Only in two instances did he allow even intimate friends to mount the beloved warhorse. During the closing weeks of the war, Abraham Lincoln visited the commander-in-chief at City Point. There was a peculiar admiration between the two men, and Grant has written in a respectful strain of the great American: "Lincoln spent the latter days of his life with me all the time. He was a fine horseman, and rode my horse 'Cincinnati' every day." The only other man who ever was permitted to bestride Grant's horse was Admiral Ammen, who, when the two men were boys, had saved Grant's life from drowning.

How Grant Rode "Jeff Davis."

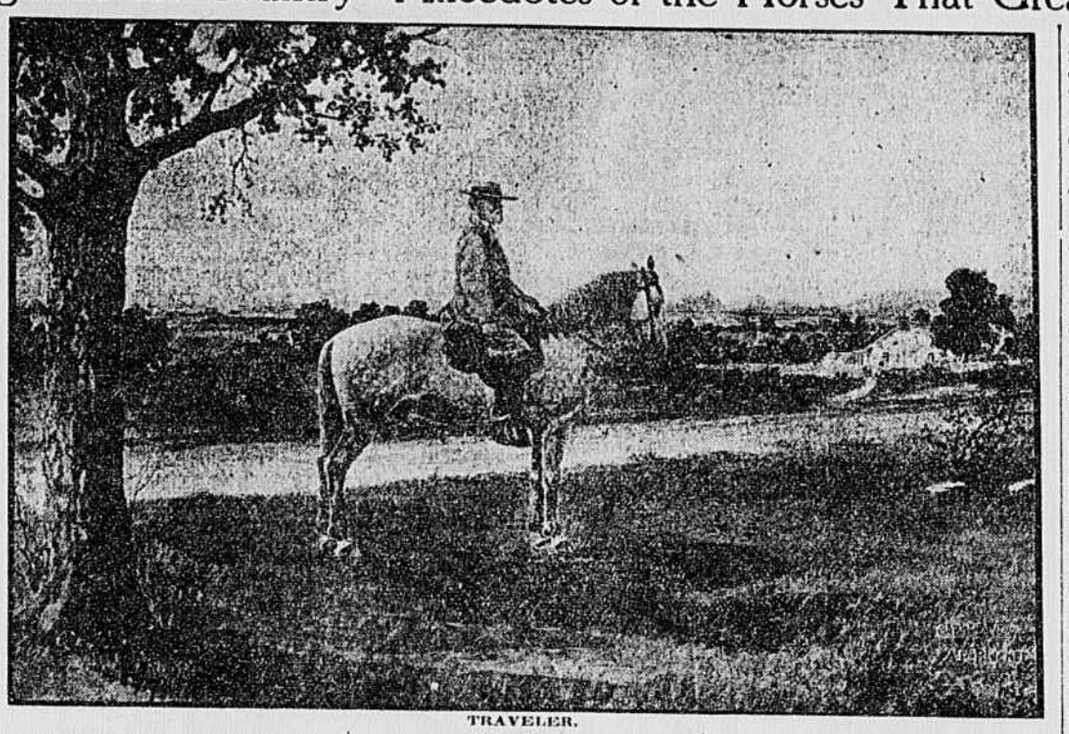
When not mounted on "Cincinnati," Grant rode a little black pony named "Jeff Davis." The pony was supplied to the commander of the Federal army by a brother of Jefferson Davis—but not intentionally. While the siege of Vicksburg was in progress, a scouting party raided the plantation of Joe Davis. Among the rewards was a brokendown pony—far from attractive in his unkempt coat. The horse was turned over to Grant's son, who carefully fed and groomed him until his black coat shone. One day General Grant found himself face to face with an emergency. He called for a horse. There was nothing available at the moment except the little "stolen" pony. He found him so tractable and intelligent that he became very fond of the animal.

"Turn that pony back to the quartermaster for appraisal," ordered Grant.

Then the general bought him for his own use, and named him "Jeff Davis," with a keen sense of humor. From Vicksburg to Appomattox "Jeff Davis" was the close second in the affection of the general.

Ownerless Horse That Became the Famous "Kangaroo."

Another of Grant's warhorses was found wandering, riderless, over the bloody field of Shiloh. A Federal officer captured him, and, judging from his ugly appearance and ungainly stride that he was worthless, sent him as a joke to one of Grant's aides. This aide prided himself on the experience of his mounts, and, disgusted with the appearance of the horse, determined to get rid of him. Grant saw the animal. He carefully examined him, and then surprised the aide by telling him he had a thoroughbred. Nevertheless, when Grant offered to take the horse, the aide did not hesitate to give him up. A few weeks of careful feeding and grooming proved that Grant was a judge of horseflesh. The horse was Grant's famous "Kangaroo," which



TRAVELER.

carried the general through the Vicksburg campaign.

Warhorse "Jack" Raffled Off to the Highest Bidder.

One of the first horses to constitute Grant's famous stable was a cream-colored stallion with black eyes and a mane and tail of silver white, named "Jack." This animal was brought to the army when Grant was making his historic march from Illinois to Missouri at the opening of the war. He served the general until after the battle of Chattanooga, when he was sent to the Sanitary Commission Fair at Chicago a donation by Grant, to be raffled off to the highest bidder and the money to be used in alleviating the suffering of the Federal soldiers of the ranks.

Grant was a superb horseman, and there is no record of the general ever being thrown on the battlefield. But, while mounted on a borrowed racer, he was dismounted and severely wrenched his ankle at a time when the accident nearly proved disaster to the Federal cause.

Thoroughbred "Charlie" Lost a Great Battle.

It was at New Orleans, after the surrender of Vicksburg, General Banks owned a famous bay thoroughbred "Charlie." Grant was to review the army; but he had not brought a mount with him, and so Banks loaned "Charlie" to him. It was a brilliant sight, as the group of uniformed officers sedately rode along the front of the army. All went well until the end of the line had been reached, and Grant spurred the steed. "Charlie," his nostrils and ang'y-red, leaped forward like a shot out of a gun. Banks, mounted on a fiery black mare, clung close to Grant, but the rest of the staff were left far behind. The army was astonished as the two generals rode like demons in the rear of the host. To this day, it has not been definitely decided whether the generals were engaged in an impromptu horse-race, or the steeds were running away with them.

How Grant Nearly Lost His Life in a Horse-Race.

A few days later, a race was arranged between "Charlie" and "Donna," a thoroughbred Kentucky bay, owned and ridden by General James G. Wilson, who is still living in New York, and was at that time a colonel of cavalry. Grant was to ride "Charlie." The course was laid along the Carrolton shell road. The hero of Vicksburg and the obsecure colonel plunged along the highway neck and neck. Neither seemed to be gaining when they turned a sharp bend in the road. A railroad train was then crossing in front of the racers, and its whistle sounded the warning. "Charlie" swerved from the course to avoid the collision. Before the general could prevent it, he sailed over the head of the horse and landed in the roadway. He was confined to his bed for several weeks, and it was many months before he fully recovered. While Grant lay in bed, the battle of Chickamauga was fought. Military authorities claim that if Grant had been able to go to Chickamauga the battle would have been a victory for the Union, instead of a defeat.

General Lee's Love for "Traveller."

General Robert E. Lee was equally as good a horseman as Grant. Those who remember them both in the saddle believe that the Southern general was even a better rider. The Confederate commander always owned beautiful horses. Some of them were not costly at the time of purchase, but they were priceless under his skilful horsemanship.

General Lee paid but $200 for his historic battle-charger "Traveller." At the opening of the war, the iron gray was owned by Major Broun, who had bought him for $175, and named him "Jeff Davis." It is a coincidence that the two great military masters, Lee and Grant, had horses with the same name. The gray had been repeatedly offered to Lee as a gift, only to be refused. Finally, he agreed to purchase it. He immediately rechristened the horse, and gave it the name which since has become indelibly linked with the general—"Traveler."

When Lee bought the horse, it was five years old. He was sixteen hands high, with a deep chest, short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, quick eyes, broad forehead, and small feet. His color was iron-gray, with black points, a long flowing mane, and a longer tail. His easy, rapid step easily carried Lee's weight on all the long, hard campaigns of the war at five and six miles an hour.

The saddle was hardly once taken from the sturdy back of "Traveller" during those heart-breaking days from the Rapidan to the James, when the Federal army closed in upon the Confederate capital in 1864. It was this faithful four-footed warrior that carried the saddened general to the surrender at Appomattox, and thence to Richmond. In the hills of Rockbridge county, when Lee was president of Washington and Lee University, the two were inseparable comrades. When Lee died, and the funeral cortege was wending its way to the last resting place, "Traveller," in all his war-trappings, paced behind the hearse with a bowed head, as though his equine intelligence told him that his beloved master had left him forever.

"Lucky Long" Lost and Found Again

Second to "Traveller" in Lee's affection was "Lucky Long." General "Jeb" Stuart, the dashing cavalier of the Civil War, discovered the mare in the Virginian hills and bought her. Then he presented the mare to Lee, his warm friend and idol. For two years, "Lucky Long" alternated wth "Traveller" in the hardships of battle and campaign, but finally broke down under the terrific strain, and was sent to pasture to recuperate. Just prior to the evacuation of Richmond, in 1865, she was recalled for service. Through carelessness, the mare became listed with some public horses and was sent to Danville, and Lee lost all trace of his faithful mare. An unremitting search was continued for "Lucky Long for two years, when she was found and immedately sent to Lexington to pass her last days with her comrade-warriors—Lee and "Traveller." At the age of thirty-three years a son of the general mercifully chloroformed the aged warhorse of the Army of Northern Virginia.

"Baldy" Fought Heroically in Ten Great Battles.

In the rooms of the George C. Meade Post of the G. A. R., in Philadelphia, is oe of the most unique and cherished relics of the great Civil War. It is an ebony sheld on which is mounted the head and fore-hoofs of General Meade's famous warhorse "Baldy."

"Baldy's" war record is remarkable He bore his distinguished master through ten of the hardest fought battles of the great war. At the first battle of Bull Run he was wounded twice, and at the battle of Antietam the horse was left on the field for dead later to be discovered grazing on the bloodiest battlefield of the war with a fearful wound in his neck. At Gettysburg, where Meade was commanding-general of the Federals, "Baldy" received his most grievous wound during the second day's struggle from a bullet entering between the ribs and lodging there. Another horse would have died, but the tough warhorse, under the tender care of his master, recovered sufficiently to be sent to Dowington, Pa., where, after the war was over, Meade found his faithful charger, fully recovered. "Baldy" outlived his distinguished master by ten years.

"Old Sorrel" Who Carried His Master to His Death.

Like Grant's "Jeff Davis," General Jackson's famous warhorse was supplied by the foe. In the spring of 1861, while Jackson was in command at Harper's Ferry, a trainload of horses intended for the Federals was captured, and among the number was one that attracted the general's attention. He had him appraised by the Confederate quartermaster, and then bought the animal from the government. The irrepressible rank and file soon gave the horse the name of "Old Sorrel"—even as they bestowed an affectionate nickname on their stern commander, "Old Jack"—and this is the name by which the generations have known the charger.

It was upon the back of this horse, which he had ridden throughout that memorable day at Chancellorsville that Jackson rode to his death in the dusk of that May evening, when his own men poured a volley into the road where "Stonewall" was riding and robbed the Confederacy of one of its greatest military masters, and of an even greater overwhelming victory for the Stars and Bars. "Old Sorrel" bolted for the Federal lines in panic, but turned back. Afterward he was placed in the stable of Governor Letcher, at Richmond.

Twenty-one years later he was the principle attractio nat the Hagerstown Fair. Crowds thronged about his corral, and before they left the mane and tail of the warhorse had nearly disappeared into the grasping hands of relic-friends. After his death, taxidermists preserved the body of "Old Sorrel," and it now stands in the Soldiers' Home, at Richmond.

"Rienzi," the Battle-Charger, Immortalized in Poetry.

Thomas Buchanan Reed immortalized General Sheridan's black battle-charger in his poem, "Sheridan's Ride." While Sheridan was colonel of the Second Michigan cavalry, at Rienzi, Miss., a brother-officer brought a powerful three-year-old horse to the army, and presented it to the colonel. He was sired in the famed Black Hawk stock. He was a magnificent animal standing over seventeen hands high. His step was quick, and the casual observer would believe that he was impetuous and difficult to manage.

But Sheridan never had any trouble with him, though his staff officers found difficulty in holding position near the horse when walking—as "Rienzi" could cover five miles an hour on a steady walk, like Meade's "Baldy" and General Sherman's "Sam." Under fire, the horse was as cool and unafraid as any of the two-footed veterans of rank and file. This was the steed that sprang "up from the South, at break of day," on that memorable morning when "Sheridan was twenty miles away." After that twenty-mile race with disaster that brought hope and courage to a discouraged army, the sleek coat was dark wth sweat, and the quivering nostrils were flecked with foam. It was this historic ride that gained the name of "Winchester" for the gallant charger, and a silver-mounted saddle from admiring friends of the master.

"Winchester" of Battle Fame Still Stands in State To-Day.

At Five Forks, the closing battle of the siege of Richmond, Sheridan stood watching the ineffectual attempts of his troops to drive the Confederates from their intrenchments. "Where is my battle-flag?" screamed the general. With the flag whipping over his head, he spurred "Winchester" forward. Like an arrow, the horse and rider plunged straight forward at the flaming earthworks, and, leaping the barrier, landed in the midst of the startled Confederates. To-day, the remains of "Win hester" stands in the [illegible] at Governor's Island, New York, placed there as a gift by General Sheridan.

One-Armed "Phil" Kearny's Warhorse.

Another battle-charger immortalized by poets is Kearny's brown steed, "Bayard." Edmund C. Stedman has left an indelible word-picture of one-armed Kearny at Chantelly: "He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder. . . . How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten. In the one hand still left—and the reins in his teeth." The battlefield had darkened under a rain and the approach of night. Kearny became confused and rode direct upon the Confederate line. He was challenged, but, ever audacious, turned "Bayard" and attempted to escape.

A bullet killed the gallant cavalier instantly. Both the dead general and "Bayard," were captured by the foe. Lee, a staunch admirer of Kearny, sent the body under a flag of truce to General Pope. A month later, the Southern commander sent "Bayard," the blood-stained saddle, and the general's sword into the Federal lines to be forwarded to the sorrowing widow of gallant Kearny. Only a short time before his death, Kearny lost one of his best beloved mounts at the battle of Fair Oaks, where "Decatur," a light bay, was shot through the neck.

The veterans of the Army of the Potomac can still recall the thrilling sight of the one-armed general seated upon his most famous warhorse, "Moscow." It was an inspiring sight to see the superb horseman on the back of a handsome, spirited white horse, in the midst of a charge, the reins between his teeth and his single hand waving a gleaming sabre over his head. It was a sight that often struck terror in the heart of the unfortunate foe who stood before that keen blade of Kearny.

"Fire-Eater" Riddled With Bullets at Shiloh.

"Fire-eater" was the suggestive name of the warhorse of General Albert Sydney Johnston, the veteran leader of the Confederates at Shiloh. At the crisis of the battle, Johnston rode to the front of his lines mounted upon the back of the magnificent thoroughbred bay, whose nostrils were dilated and fire-red as they snuffed the powder.

"Men, they are stubborn; we must use the bayonet," cried the general. "I will lead you!"

As though understanding the thrilling words, "Fire-eater" leaped forward at the head of the charge. When the cloud of smoke lifted Johnston was reeling with a desperate wound in his foot; while gallant "Fire-eater" was riddled with bullets—four gapping wounds in his side. Both general and horse were led behind a knoll to escape further injury. Later in the day both Johnston and "Fire-eater" were dead.

Bareback Ride for Life on the Mare "Highfly."

General "Jeb" Stuart, the dashing sabreur of the Confederate Army, was once saved from capture by the sagacity of his bay mare, "Highfly." Stuart was stretched out upon a bench on a tavern porch at Verdiersville, Va., awaiting the arrival of Fitzhugh Lee, with whom he intended to arrange a raid on the Federals. "Highfly" was grazing in the tavern yard, unbridled. A clatter of hoofs aroused the general, and he walked to the roadside, expecting to see Lee coming along the road. The galloping horsemen came into sight and gun range—they were dressed in blue. For an instant Stuart was startled. He expected to see his brother officer, but he was face to face with the Federal foe.

Stuart rushed toward his battle-charger and leaped upon the bare back. "Highfly" did not need urging; she turned toward a high fence by the roadway and cleared the barrier like a bird, and was off down the road in a flash. The heavily mounted Federal cavalry thundered on behind for a few miles, but fleet-footed "Highfly" soon left them far behind.

Warhorse Leaps Precipice to Save General Gordon.

The famous escape of Israel Putnam from the British dragoons at Horse Neck during the American Revolution was duplicated during the Civil War. General John B. Gordon, at the battle of Cedar Creek, found himself on the brink of a precipice, while on the other three sides was the Federal army, momentarily pressing nearer. His capture seemed certain. A dash through the Federal lines would be foolhardy and might terminate as did poor Kearny's attempt at Chantilly. A last desperate chance was left, and this Gordon reluctantly accepted.

He urged his charger to the brink, and peered down the rugged sides. Here and there jagged rocks thrust through a thin coating of sand and dirt. Several feet below the bank terminated in a tangle of trees. It seemed like suicide to leap that precipice, but the vision of a Federal prison urged the general on.

Again and again, Gordon drove the faithful steed to the edge only to have the horse rear and balk. Finally, he coaxed him to the brink and then viciously and suddenly drove his spurs into the laboring haunches. The horse gave a mighty leap and a snort of pain. His feet slipped, and both horse and rider tumbled head over heels to the bottom. They crashed through a fringe of trees, and rolled into a sheltered glen, where the foliage hid them from the sight of the Federals above. Both were bleeding from vicious cuts from the ledges. The horse's head and haunches were wet with his own blood. Gordon, wrenched and in pain, dragged himself to the side of his charger and into the saddle. After a torturous ride by secret roads, the general and battle-horse joined the Confederate troops.

"Black Burns" Would Not Fight at Mealtime.

Some horses, like humans, have traits that are eccentric. General McClellan's fiery, black warhorse "Black Burns," whose name was obtained from the donor of the horse, was a model charger on the battlefield at all times except mealtime. Regardless of the importance of McClellan's presence at the crisis of a battle, if that crisis happened to be at mealtime, then it must wait or suffer, for "Black Burns" would bolt and run for his oats, and no amount of rein-pulling could stop the powerful black. This became such an obsession that McClellan was always careful, just before action, to exchange "Black Burns" for another, preferably "Daniel Webster."

"Daniel Webster" was a pure bred, dark bay, standing seventeen hands high. His legs were long and slender, while his haunches were wiry and powerful. McClellan considered him one of the finest animals in the Army of the Potomac. He, too, had a disagreeable quality—a quality that often tried the temper of McClellan's staff officers. His pace was swift while walking, which necessitated the accompanying staff to keep at a half trot to keep within regulation distance of the chief.

When McClellan retired from the army he took "Daniel Webster" to his home at Orange, N. J., where the veteran bay became the family pet. The general and the charger were inseparable companions, and when the horse died, at the age of twenty-three, he was given an honorable funeral. In McClellan's words we find "Danial Webster's" epitaph: "No soldier ever had a better horse than I had in 'Daniel Webster.'"

Sherman's "Sam"—Holds Long Distance Marching Record.

General Sherman owned a horse—a thoroughbred Kentucky bay—that carried its master over the longest march during the Civil War. It was a fleet, powerful and large-boned bay named "Sam," and the course of the march was from Vicksburg across country to Chattanooga, thence to Knoxville and back to Chattanooga. With scarcely any rest "Sam" carried his owner through the four months' campaign to Atlanta, and from there across Georgia to Savannah, and then through the Carolinas to the Grand Review at Washington. But in the review "Sam" was replaced by the more resplendent "Lexington," another of Sherman's steeds.

"Lexington" a thoroughbred from Kentucky, was the admiration of Sherman's men. At first sight the warhorse invariably provoked exclamations of admiration from strangers, because of his sleek coat, spirited actions and beautiful appearance. "Lexington" was the horse used for parades and reviews, while "Sam" was the sturdy workhorse, the one on whom Sherman could place absolute dependence in the heat of action. The severest storms of bullets and screaming shells failed to disturb the calm of the charger. The horse was wounded several times.

"Lookout," the Hero of Lookout Mountain.

Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of the French nation, once bid against General Hooker for a Kentucky three-quarterbred. The horse was from a

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